

## CHARIVARIA.

THE ex-Crown Prince GEORGE has declared that he "belongs to Serbia." We had no idea that there was any competition for him. \*\*

Placards have been posted throughout the Krupp works at Essen denying the report that there had been dissensions between the owner of the works and her husband. We understand that the employees are to be kept fully informed in this respect, as by notifications of the following kind:—

In order to prevent exaggerated reports, I wish it to be known that my wife and myself had a few words to-day on the Latchkey Question, but the matter has now been arranged

(Signed)

KRUPP VON BOHLEN  
UND HALBACH.

There seems no limit to the spread of the strike movement in Paris. With reference to the new post-office which has been erected on the site of the Maison Dorée, we are told that even the decorations are striking. \*\*

"The Admiralty," we read, "have acquired the new steam trawler *Nunthorpe Hall* from Smith's Dock Company, North Shields, and two trawlers which are now under construction in other districts. The purpose of the acquisition is not known." Is it, we wonder, an attempt at a compromise on the *Dreadnought* question? \*\*

The Army Bill which provides for the billeting of soldiers on private householders, if it has not been well received by all sections of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects, has at least enjoyed the marked approval of cooks, housemaids, and nurses. \*\*

The Thames steamboat *Gibbon* is to be sold by the L.C.C. for £1,000. She should now be re-named *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*. \*\*

An aeroplane with which the designer was experimenting at Wivenhoe sank in the river Colne, but was recovered, and may shortly be placed on the market as a submarine. \*\*

The Railway Companies are beginning to realise that they must leave no stone unturned in order to attract the

attention of the Public to the advantages of their method of locomotion. For example, a model of the first-class carriage in a compartment of which Mr. BRIGGS, an elderly bank clerk, was murdered on July 9, 1861, is to be exhibited at Euston Station. \*\*

A case of great hardship arising out of the hide-bound administration of our prisons has been brought to our notice. Among a recent batch of prisoners was one who was wearing a valuable wig. *The wig was cropped close by the prison barber, and naturalists say it will never grow again.* A question, we understand, is to be asked on the subject in Parliament. \*\*

so much of musical prodigies, and so little of artistic prodigies?" The reason, *Observer*, is that the musical prodigies make more noise. \*\*

"Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE celebrated his seventy-second birthday on the 5th inst.," we are informed. It seems rather hard that in this year of public "anniversaries" he should have had to do it himself. \*\*

The past week was a notable one in the Parrot World. At Ardleigh, Essex, some burglars who had entered a house were frightened away by a talking parrot, and at Norwich a new vicar was appointed by means of a poll. \*\*



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

V.-FOR DETECTIVES.

"The Banana's New Footing" was the title of a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. This looks as if a want is going to be supplied, for hitherto anyone stepping on a banana has found the existing footing most unsatisfactory. \*\*

Mrs. CATT, of New York, the President of the International Suffrage Alliance, has been touring Europe, and was, we are told, "lionised in Berlin." Should not the word be "tigerised"? \*\*

A visitor to the Esperanto Concert which was given last week informs us that, though he was ignorant of Esperanto, he found the *artistes* no less intelligible than the average singer of English. \*\*

Says "*Observer*" in *The Observer*:—"A boy of twelve has had a picture accepted for the exhibition of the Society of French Artists. Why do we hear

An Anti-Female Suffrage writer points out that, while women have many periodicals for their exclusive use, men have none. To remedy this a companion production to *Mother and Home* is about to be issued. It will be entitled *Father and the Public House*. \*\*

"Required to purchase, a white elephant, within reasonable radius of London, with about 20 acres. Must be cheap, as required for institution." \*\*

As a rule white elephants "are cheap to-day." In the language of the Ring they are more frequently offered than taken. The stipulation that the one here sought must, so to

speak, belong to the landed gentry class may, however, put up the price. \*\*

"The trappings and howdah of their Excellencies' elephant, which came at the end of the procession, also included squadrons of the 25th Cavalry and trumpeters, the Inspector-General of Police, the vice-president of the Municipal Committee, a mounted battery of the Royal Field Artillery, and a detachment of Punjab Light Horse."—*Daily Mail*. \*\*

A clear case of overcrowding and cruelty to elephant. \*\*

## The Gods and some Mortals.

Extract from a letter addressed by the President of the Manchester United F. C. (*Hats off, please*) to the Secretary of the Sheffield United F. C.

"I cannot help but feel that great pains had been taken in seeing to the comfort of everyone, from myself and directors, down to the humble spectator." \*\*

## SHOUTING FOR A TAX ON NOISE.

[Mr. RUNCIMAN has been stumping the country and breathing revenge against those who urge the Government to guarantee our naval security. At Wolverhampton he threatened them with Budget reprisals, suggesting, in a passage itself not too subdued in tone, the "new principle," that "He who shouts the loudest pays most." Later, at Newcastle, he is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said: "We know where wealth lies . . . and when the time comes round for the Budget I hope the patriots won't squeal."]

How ever will you do it, DAVID LLOYD?

How tell our natures each from each and say,

"This is a patriot: he shall fill my void;

And this is not: and so he needn't pay?"

How will you know just where to gorge?

I can't imagine, Mr. GEORGE.

The simple test of Party scarcely serves,

For there are Liberals who want a Fleet;

Nor can you judge by noise that jars the nerves,

For there are patriots who restrain their heat,

Who do not shout till they are sore,

But, like the parrot, think the more.

And if you go by noise do you propose

To plant a taximeter on our tongues?

Or, with a wind-gauge lashed beneath our nose,

Check off the volume issuing from the lungs,

And charge upon a sliding scale

From zephyrs up to half-a-gale?

The principle is fairly sound, I own,

If not confined to those who shout for ships;

I'd love to see a Treasury metrophone

Instantly clapped on any noisy lips;

I loathe your kind that talk too loud—

Even a Little-Navy crowd.

So, Sir, if you would really have on toast

The ranter and the roarer; if your game

Is "He who shouts the loudest pays the most,"—

For a beginning I would wish to name

(Mention a likelier, if you can)

The rather raucous RUNCIMAN.

O. S.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; his sister Mabel, aged 18.)

Mabel (reading a letter). Well, I'm—

Little Arthur. What's the matter, Mabs?

Mabel. Oh, nothing. Only a letter from Helen Vincent to say she's engaged; and she's going to be married in a month; and it's to Ronald Knight; and he's the noblest and best in the world; and will I be a bridesmaid? and don't I think she's a lucky girl?

L. A. Oh, Mabs, isn't that jolly?

Mabel. Jolly? I don't see anything particularly jolly about it.

L. A. Why not, Mabs?

Mabel. Well, to begin with, there's our Hockey Team. She doesn't say a word about that; and how I'm to fill her place I don't know.

L. A. I see, Mabs. What a pity she didn't think of that.

Mabel. Yes, that's always the way with these sentimental girls. You can never get them to think seriously of important things.

L. A. But, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, Arthur; what is it?

L. A. Is Hockey so frightfully important?

Mabel. Of course it is. We want to show that we're just

as capable of taking part in sports as men. It's part of our Cause, you know.

L. A. Mamma never played Hockey, did she?

Mabel (shortly). No.

L. A. Ah, I thought not, because I heard her say the other day that she didn't know what girls were coming to nowadays; they thought of nothing but games, and games made them rude and mannish, and she was sure nice men didn't like that kind of thing. She said a lot more, but I can't remember it all.

Mabel. I've often told you, Arthur, that Mamma's a little old-fashioned in these things—and, besides, who cares what men think?

L. A. But, Mabs, don't girls want nice men to like them?

Mabel. We don't see why we should go out of our way to cringe for their liking. Girls have got their own lives to live, and they mean to do it.

L. A. I remember Helen Vincent said exactly those words not so very long ago.

Mabel. Yes, I know; she was very determined about it. We often talked it over together.

L. A. And now she's gone and promised to marry Mr. Knight. I say, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, dear.

L. A. Won't she have to live Mr. Knight's life a good deal when she's married? Won't she have to live where he wants her to, and do things he asks? Isn't that it?

Mabel. Yes; and that makes it all the more annoying. She's one of the worst backsliders I ever heard of.

L. A. Don't you like men, Mabs?

Mabel. Don't ask silly questions.

L. A. But you'll never marry one, will you, Mabs? You'll be an old maid all your life, beginning from now, won't you?

Mabel. Isn't it your tea-time?

L. A. I've had my tea, Mabs. I wish you'd tell me if you mean to be an old maid.

Mabel. Why, you silly little boy, of course I don't.

L. A. But then you'll have to marry some one, Mabs; and if you marry some one you can't live your own life, you know; and, oh, Mabs—

Mabel. What's up now?

L. A. Mabs, you'll be a backslider, and I don't want you to be that. Please, please don't be a backslider.

Mabel (with dignity). You may be quite sure that I shall know how to go straight on. I shall never marry anyone who won't agree—

L. A. But that's what Helen Vincent said. Do you think Mr. Knight agreed to things?

Mabel. No, I don't. Men never do; and it's the fault of the women.

L. A. Well, perhaps your man won't agree either. Are you going to write to Helen to tell her what you think of her?

Mabel. No, of course not.

L. A. Well then, are you going to be one of her bridesmaids?

Mabel. Yes, I think so. She says (referring to letter): "The bridesmaids' dresses are going to be dreams, and Ronald has made all sorts of gorgeous proposals for the bridesmaids' presents. He's really the most—" The rest doesn't matter.

L. A. Then you don't mind so much, after all, Mabs, do you?

Mabel. There's Mamma calling. I must go to her.

## Political Candour.

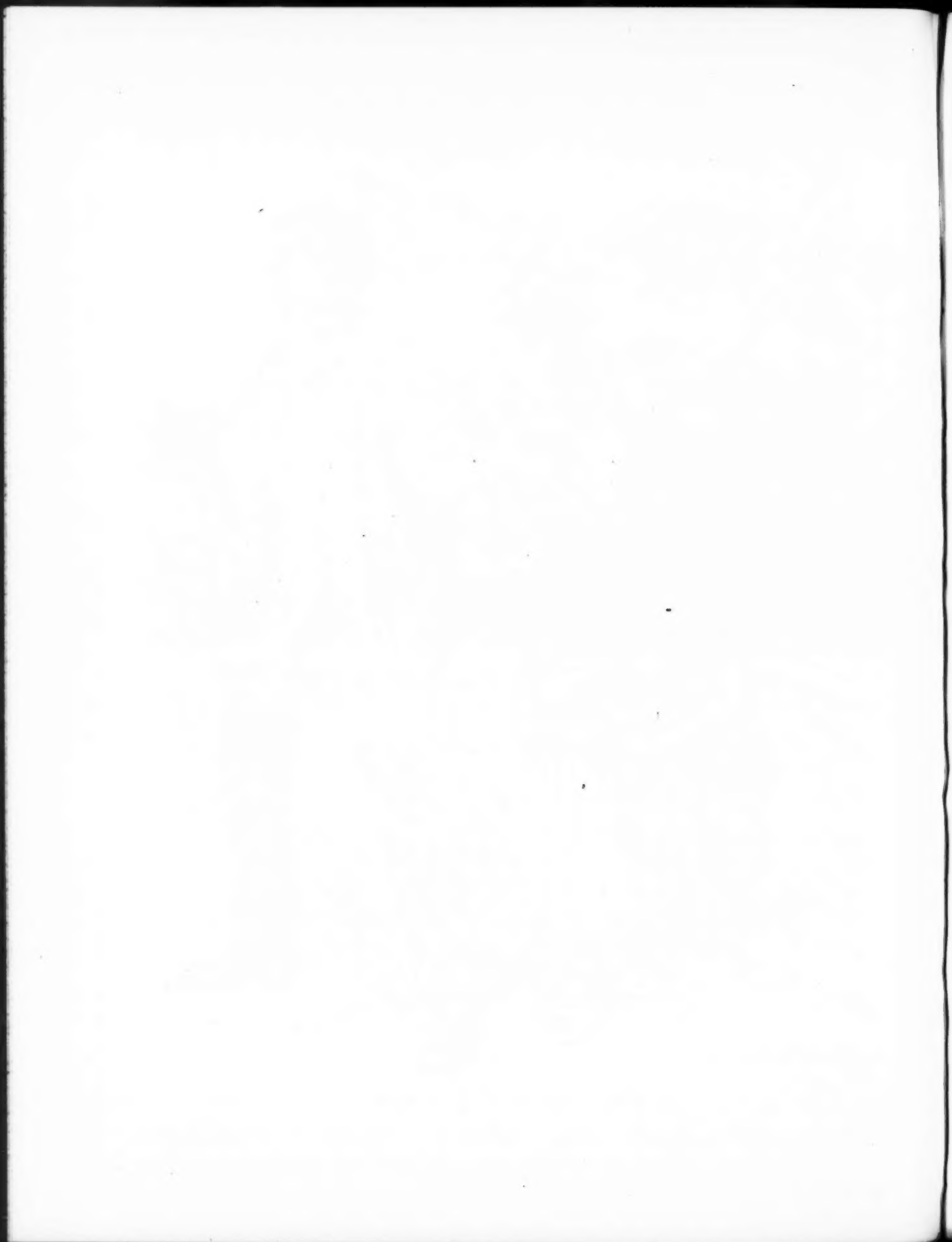
One of the main objects of the "All for Ireland League" is, according to *The Statesman*, "the cultivation of language, traditions, and ideals of the Gaol."



### THE NEW "TERROR."

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. "WELL, COMRADE, IS IT THE OLD CRY AGAIN—'À BAS LA NOBLESSE'?"

MEMBER OF THE PARIS GENERAL STRIKE COMMITTEE. "NO, WE'VE GOT BEYOND THAT NOW; IT'S 'À BAS LA PATRIE'!"







### THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMAN.

ANOTHER IMPUDENT CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

#### MORE PANIC.

COINCIDENT with the Navy "scare" (as Germany and the British Radical Press call it—each, no doubt, for good reasons of its own) several collateral cases of unworthy panic have come under our notice. We intend to expose some of them, in the hope of shaming those who have thus fallen from the high standard of bull-dog courage which has made our nation what it is.

A Mr. Jones, who recently bought the Villa Maggiore, Nether Tooting, has, in a moment of abject pusillanimity, taken out a fire insurance policy. Coward!

A Mr. Robinson, of Esperanto, Balham Grove, has, in view of the uncertainty of our Spring climate, acquired the unmanly habit of wearing flannel next to his contemptible skin. Coward!

A Mr. Brown, near whose residence, which shall be nameless, a number of burglars have lately been plying their trade with impunity, has taken the un-English precaution of fitting his doors and windows with electric alarms. Coward!

A Mr. Smith, of The Sanctuary,

Turnham Green, who moves in social circles which have been decimated by influenza, has adopted the despicable practice of using tobacco as a disinfectant. Coward!

A Mr. Trotter, who has just returned from the Malay Peninsula, admits that under the enervating influence of a tropical climate he allowed himself to assume a pith helmet by day and mosquito curtains by night. Coward!

Owing to a paltry fear of collision during a fog off Ushant, a Captain Tomkyns (the name of whose ship we suppress for the sake of the other officers, whose courage is not in question) so far forgot himself as to run his engines at half-speed and sound his siren at frequent intervals. Coward!

Both the Manchester United and Bristol City Clubs, ignoring those splendid traditions of British gallantry by which the adversary was always invited to attack you unawares, and take every other conceivable advantage of you, have put their teams into strict training for the Final of the Cup, and propose to employ the maximum permissible number of players. Cowards!

#### Things that might have been put differently.

In its review of *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, *The Scotsman* says:—

"So lively an author as the writer of 'The Diary of Toby M.P.' in *Punch* cannot be dull even when talking about himself."

"Even" is a happy touch.

#### Fashionable Intelligence.

"Mr. J. Heaven, of Jerusalem, is continuing to make good progress towards recovery."

*Adelaide Advertiser.*

#### More Commercial Candour.

From an advt. for artificial teeth:

"Mr. — has fitted many patients who have hitherto failed to obtain satisfaction."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph.*

It looks as if the juries contained too many dental artists.

"In the two-furlong race Waterhouse was first, Jones second, and Graham third, but when they met in the quarter-mile Jones secured the premier marks."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We should have been interested to hear what happened in the 440 yards.

### THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just been studying those articles on "The Coming Cricket Season," which appear regularly at this time of the year in the daily papers. Shades of GAUKRODGER! was there ever such dull reading? You know (only too well, I expect) the sort of thing that is offered to us.

#### BLANKSHIRE.

"Blankshire will have the same arduous programme as last year, with the addition that the Australians will be met at Blankton in the early part of June. Mr. Robinson will once again assume the command, and he expects to have the services of all the amateurs and paid players who were available last year. No new talent has been unearthed, though a young professional from Blobleigh is spoken of as likely to be useful in the near future. Mr. Robinson speaks highly of the prospects of his team, and there can be no doubt that Blankshire will take a creditable place in the final order, if, indeed, they do not actually win the championship. The Blankton Week begins on the 1st of August."

That, I fancy you will admit, is a perfectly fair example of the sort of thing which is expected to enliven our Easter holiday. Now what can be done to alter this distressing state of affairs? Well, I have two suggestions to make. The first is that, in order to make the forecasts really sensational, truth should be disregarded altogether. There is at least one paper which could do this without any loss of reputation; which indeed might acquire thus an added reputation for consistency, in that it brought its cricket prophecies into line with its others.

I give two or three examples of the sort of thing I mean.

#### YORKSHIRE.

"The personnel of the Yorkshire team is likely to be entirely changed this year. In the early matches, at any rate, the side will consist of ten Leeds amateurs, all well-known billiard players, and HARDISTY, who will captain the eleven. Only one county will be met, and HARDISTY confidently expects that his side will come out bottom of the list. A match for the benefit of Lord HAWKE will be played against the Australians in July."

#### KENT.

"At the last moment Mr. E. W. DILLON has had to resign the captaincy, and Sir GILBERT PARKER has been appointed in his place. All the counties will be met twice, and, if necessary, three times, while the Australians will be played on second Thursdays throughout the season. An interesting experiment will be made by the committee, BLYTHE keeping wicket

for the first few matches, HUISH having been badly bitten in the thumb by a rabbit. There will be no Canterbury week this year, owing to the high-handed action of the Mayor, and all the matches will be played at Gravesend."

#### SURREY.

"For some time it was doubtful if Surrey would play any matches at all this season, owing to a difficulty about finding a ground, but a few acres have now been secured in the neighbourhood of Kennington, and here all the first-class counties, the Australians, Northamptonshire, and the Provincial Actors will be met. Mr. RAPHAEL, Sir R. HERMON-HODGE and Mr. FRANK SMITH will turn out among the amateurs; while JOE WARD, ALF DEAKIN and the Mayor of Cambridge are qualifying as professionals. The whole of the Lancashire eleven have also offered their services if required. There will be no entrance fee at any of the matches."

#### LEICESTERSHIRE.

"The team and fixtures will be the same as last year except that Sir ARTHUR HAZLERIGG will in future play as a professional. The challenge from Australia to five Test Matches, to be played to a finish, has been accepted, and these will be played on the first five days in June."

Now, Mr. Punch, you see from this how interesting cricket forecasts can be made, given the necessary imagination. But if you still maintain that Truth is of the essence of the matter, then I offer instead my second suggestion.

Why bother about the actual cricketers who are going to play for the counties? For one man who watches them a hundred will read about them. The interest of the public, so far as our summer game is concerned, lies elsewhere. This, then, Mr. Punch, is how the ideal article should be written:

#### PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

##### *The Westminster Gazette.*

MR. P. F. WARNER will once more turn out signed articles in the first person plural upon the doings of Mr. NOBLE, Mr. TRUMPER, Mr. WASS, Mr. CARKEEK, Mr. FRY, Mr. KERMODE, Mr. BENSKIN, Mr. HOBBS and Mr. CRAIG.

##### *The Daily Telegraph.*

So far as we are informed there will be no changes this year, and Major TREVOR will again throw light upon the dark corners of the game at the rate of five lines per ball.

##### *The Daily Mirror.*

All the old words are again available, and several promising young ones have been unearthed. Moreover an entirely new anecdote of VIC TRUMPER at Cambridge will be played off on the public.

#### *The Sportsman.*

Side will again be assumed by "Wanderer," who will keep himself *au fait* with the inner council of the Selection Committee. In the early part of the season he is expected to refer to somebody's innings as being "like the curate's egg, good in parts." In this case he may not be available for the rest of the summer.

A novel feature of the season's programme will be the inclusion every three days of a list of the names and states of the Colonials from whom the Australian eleven will be selected. This should be studied each time it appears, so that, if Mr. NOBLE should decide suddenly to give a trial to one of the many Colonial residents in London, the fact may not escape the attention of the reader.

#### *The Evening News.*

An immense amount of new blood will be infused into the side, the most promising of them being "Old Blue," "Brixton C.C.," "Fair Play," "Z," and "Englishman," all of whom will point out that if only somebody else had been selected the result of the Test Matches might have been different.

There, Mr. Punch! How much more interesting that would be! Yet there is one forecast which I have omitted. It comes under a heading not unknown to you, and mentions that once more a friendly attempt would be made to get a little fun out of a body of good sportsmen who perform a difficult task quite efficiently.

A. A. M.

#### ROSES FOR SPRING PLANTING.

*The Maud Allan.*—Pale flesh colour tending to rosy blush; scanty bloomer, but perfect form. Fine for exhibition.

*The Winston.*—Uncertain. Liable to revert to stock.

*The Balfour.*—Very graceful contour; requires protection.

*The Arthur Benson.*—Very prolific; flowers freely produced throughout the season; good in the bud, but flat when open.

*The De Morgan.*—Late blooming; elongated form; sport of Charles Dickens.

*The Chesterton.*—Exceptionally large and of great substance; shape globular.

*The Transformation.*—Coppery tint, with buff at base; growth vigorous; edges waved.

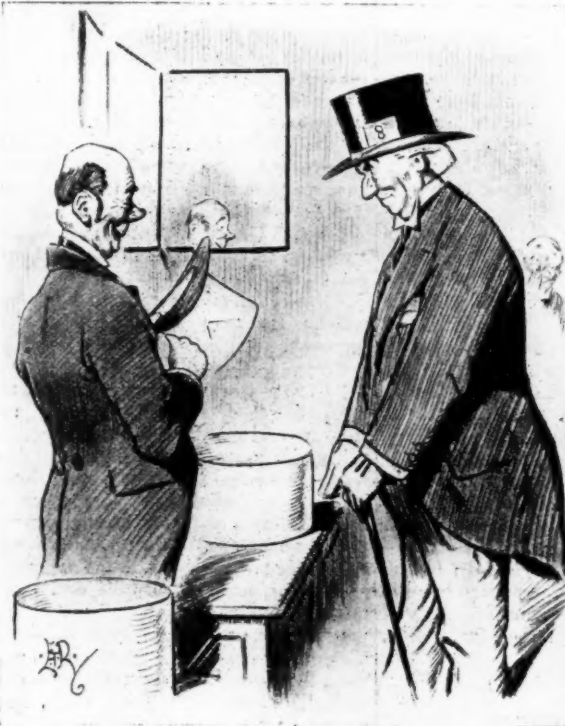
*The Suffragette.*—Purple, white and green; rampant climber, thorny; grows freely on railings, requires severe cutting.

"Finishing Governess, 30, or otherwise."—*Brighton Herald.*

It is generous of her to waive a year or two, if desired.

MR. ASQUITH AND THAT CONFOUNDED No. 8.

(Even the Continent, if he had gone there for his holidays, would have afforded him no relief.)



"MOST BECOMING, SIR! IT'S A NUMBER H'EIGHT, SIR."



"WOT'S THAT A-STRIKIN', SIR? THAT'S EIGHT BELLS, THAT IS, SIR."



"AHA! MONSIEUR ASK-HUIT! (Prime Minister winces). ONE VAIKY NICE ROOM, SARE. NOMBUR EIGHT—OZZERVISE NOSSING!!"



"THAT BEASTLY NUMBER AGAIN! OH, NO IT ISN'T, BUT I BELIEVE THAT WRETCHED WAITER KNOWS SOMETHING!!"



## ENGLAND'S BEST GIRLS.

## A STUDY IN THE FULSOME.

(With profuse acknowledgments to the Radical Press.)

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever," was all very well for the dowdy damsels of the mid-Victorian era. But in our enlightened age girls are very properly encouraged to be original. If they are dowered with some special gift, such as caricaturing or whistling, or "Saloming," as it is charmingly called, they need not feel ashamed of it as of an attribute disgraceful in their sex. Indeed, as that stalwart organ of democracy, *The Daily Chronicle*, truly puts it, "without a certain cleverness and sparkle, even beauty cannot make its owner a success in society." Wealth is of course indispensable, though there have been instances in recent years of young girls with practically no fortunes making brilliant matches. But it is dangerous to build upon the unsubstantial foundation of the exceptional. The young girl is in fashion, to quote again from our stalwart Radical contemporary, but it is significant that of the beauties specially singled out for appreciative notice in its pages there is hardly one who is not directly connected with "our old nobility."

Wise mothers—and modern mothers are seldom wanting in astuteness—do not keep their young "flapper" daughters buried in the schoolroom until the day of presentation. They prepare them for their complete emancipation by a series of preliminary canterers. Thus they take them to dine at the Fitz or the Tarlton while the hair that is hanging down their back is still their own. Once a month at least in the best houses the "flapper" is taken behind the scenes at the Tav., or on the top of a motor bus, or, when they are running, on a penny steamer, so as to gain that wider view of life so indispensable to the up-to-date *châtelaine*. The modern girl who counts is invariably a mistress of a rich and copious vocabulary, and to their command of slang no less than to their looks must be attributed the immense popularity of Lady Sheila Swilly, Lady Usquebaugh's high-spirited daughter, and of Miss Marigo Smirnoff, one of the most gifted Levantine *débutantes* of the season. The upbringing of Lady Sarah Boodle has been wholly unconventional, and as her parents spend most of their time in balloons, she is looking forward to her first season with all the *fougue de dix-huit ans*. Until she was sixteen Lady Sarah was allowed to read nothing but *The Sporting Times* and *The Statist*. This led, not unnaturally, to a violent reaction, and Lady Sarah is now a

devoted student of MAETERLINCK, Mr. W. B. YEARS, and FIONA MACLEOD. Happily this development has not impaired her healthy enjoyment of bridge. Last year she won £300 at this winsome pastime, and one of the finest players at the Portland is rumoured to have said that if she gave her whole time to it she might win three times that amount. So far, however, Lady Sarah, with a restraint that does her infinite credit, has never played for more than ten hours at a stretch.

One may fitly conclude this group of winsome English girls by the mention of two beautiful cousins, Lady Phoebe Bunting and Miss Miriam Belshazzar. By an extraordinary coincidence they are both third cousins once removed of Daphne, Lady Saxthorpe, whose coster impersonations were so marked a feature of her late husband's tenure of office as Governor of Hong Kong. Lady Phoebe, strange to say, never learned her alphabet until she was nearly fifteen, while her cousin had mastered the intricacies of compound interest almost before she could walk. Lady Phoebe is a winsome blonde, while Miss Belshazzar is a *velite* brunette whose superb Semitic profile recalls the delicious proboscis of her illustrious grandfather, Sir Joshua Schnabelheimer.

(Not to be continued.)

## APRIL IN "THE STREET."

April of the shining tresses,  
Tearful mouth, and laughing eyes!  
Where the budding wildernesses  
Wait the swallow's glad surprise,  
Where the slender  
Larch's tender  
Green is new and neat,  
Most folk set you;  
Yet I've met you  
In Throgmorton Street!

When the City pigeon's cooing  
Takes a soft domestic note,  
When the daffodil is doing  
Duty in the broker's coat,  
When through highway,  
Court and byway,  
Gusts and sunshine range,  
And the racing  
Clouds are chasing  
Over the Exchange;

What if rates be flat or firmer,  
What if prices fill or back,  
If I hear your sunny murmur  
Of a four days' Easter slack,  
Of absconding,  
Vagabonding  
From the Street's grim aisle,  
While its chill stones,  
Mammon's millstones,  
Cease to grind awhile!

## BLACKMAIL.

THE eminent West End physician felt my pulse with his right hand, pushed a thermometer as far down the basement of my tongue as he decently could with his left, and went out of the room. He returned in two minutes, took out the thermometer and examined it.

"Ha! Influenza!" he said. "Three days in bed—this prescription" (he took one, ready written, from a pile on his table)—"that will be two guineas."

"No!" I said. "Not influenza, but a cold—a common cold in the head, and you know it."

"Hush!" he implored; and his face paled. He went swiftly and silently across the room and locked the door.

"So you know all," he said.

"I do; you may therefore tell me everything," I replied. Briefly, the story he told me was as follows:

Twenty years ago this great doctor was a young and struggling practitioner in Tooting. One day there came to consult him a man of unusually prosperous appearance suffering from a heavy cold. The young doctor, in the moment's excitement, made a mistake and diagnosed the case as influenza; and the patient was so charmed that he shook the young man warmly by the hand and went home to bed, where the doctor visited him each day for a week, running up a very useful little bill.

Not to be outdone, the patient's friends, when they in their turn fell victims to catarrh, called in the same young doctor to ascertain whether they too were not distinguished by influenza. Having put his hand by accident to the plough, our friend refused to look back, and pursued the downward path of worldly success.

Thereafter he never diagnosed a cold in the head as anything but influenza. He quickly made a reputation as a young man who knew a bad thing when he saw it; and his progress to Harley Street was accomplished as easily as the descent of Avernus.

"I have told you all this," he concluded, "because you had guessed it already. It remains merely to add that I place implicit confidence in your secrecy, and to repeat that my fee is two guineas."

"Your confidence," I said, "is not misplaced. It remains merely to add that my fee for discretion is five guineas, and I will therefore trouble you for the difference."

I have had a very good winter season.

From the window of a restaurant off the Strand:—

"Chickens cooked or uncooked."

How do you uncook a chicken?



## THE INSURANCE QUESTION.

"It is the duty of every man to insure his life," pronounced Patty.

"I had an uncle once," said Dibchick. She smiled.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I daresay you had a dozen."

"No, only two. They were twins," he added with a sigh.

"But what's that got to do with insuring your life?"

"You see," he explained, "one of them was an African bishop. I forget what the other took up. I fancy he eventually became a gentleman jockey. But the point is that my uncle Arthur was a bishop. In fact, they said that with any luck he might have been an archbishop; but unfortunately—"

"Still, I don't quite see—"

He waved his hand. "Wait a moment. I'm just coming to it. What I was going to say, when you interrupted me—"

"I like that," said Patty.

"Well, when I interrupted you, then. What I was about to observe when I interrupted you was that my uncle Arthur felt very strongly on the subject of insurance agents. He used to maintain that there was only one effectual way of dealing with them. When they called and suggested your insuring in their office, you should always begin by producing the whisky."

"But I couldn't very well do that, could I?"

"No, I suppose not. He was speaking more from a bishop's point of view, as it were. Well, after that, the next thing to do, said my uncle Arthur, was to mix them a liberal dose, and then, holding the glass in your hand, say, 'Would you mind letting me have a prospectus?' Then they gave you the prospectus, and you gave them the whisky, and—well, then they went away and tried to forget you."

"I should have thought giving them whisky would have been the very way to make them call again."

"Oh, no, not at all. Directly you had given it to them, you murmured, 'Excuse me,' and rang the bell. Then they would think you were in a great hurry, and would drink it off quickly, before they realised what they were doing. That was the essential part of the treatment. My uncle Arthur said that you should never give them time to sip a little, and then leave the rest, or pour it into a flower-pot when they thought you weren't looking. You see, it wasn't the ordinary whisky; you got it at the grocer's."

"I don't think your uncle can have been a very nice man," said Patty.

"There you are wrong," answered Dibchick; "he was one of the best of



## A LONG FAREWELL.

*She (effusively).* "How NICE IT IS TO HAVE MET YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, MY DEAR CAPTAIN BURLINGTON."

*He.* "MAJOR NOW! THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO, YOU KNOW."

*She (still more effusively).* "How TIME FLIES! WELL, CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD-BYE. I HOPE YOU'LL BE A GENERAL WHEN NEXT WE MEET."

bishops. But I admit he wanted knowing."

"Then you don't agree with me about insuring?"

"Certainly, I agree with you. But personally, so far as I am concerned—well, I shall probably never leave a widow now. Once——" He paused.

"Yes?"

"I remember I was quite young at the time. She was older, about thirty, I think, a rather massive blonde. It hurt frightfully."

"Ah!"

"I could never eat anything when she dropped in to tea." He stopped and gazed absently into the distance.

"Was that all?" asked Patty.

"All!"

"Didn't you do anything?"

"No; you see, I was only twelve at the time. As my father told me, it was a hopeless case. She wouldn't have understood, probably, even if I had said anything, and in those days I was singularly sensitive to ridicule. But I have always felt that she was the only widow I should ever have really cared to leave."

"We seem to have rather wandered from our original conversation," said Patty.

"Have we? Well, to continue, my uncle Arthur——"



*Pedestrian.* "How far is it to Aldershot?" Let me see. Well, as the crow flies——"  
*Footsore Tommy.* "NEVER MIND 'OW THE BEGGAR FLIES; 'OW FAR IS IT AS THE BEGGAR 'OPS?"

#### THE SPRINGS OF YESTER-CENTURY.

SPRING, when the first buds of the crocus waken,<sup>1</sup>  
 Dusting with gold the carpet of the glade,  
 Say, may I hope that these remarks be taken  
 In the same friendly spirit they are made?  
 Gentle I wrote you, once beloved thesis  
 Of adolescence and its callow pen;  
 My dear, I sometimes think you 've gone to pieces  
 Confoundedly since then!

Those were the days when you were always good for  
 A sonnet's impulse; yours the usual shrine  
 At which I wooed the guinea which has stood for  
 The laurel wreath in any rhymes of mine.  
 You tuned my heart to your brown lark's elation  
 'Mid white clouds piping, lost in breezy blue;  
 Now I might starve for all the inspiration  
 I seem to get from you!

Mutely I wander where my early hymn rose  
 When tender catkins do a tail unfold,  
 All unaffected by the budding primrose  
 Raising her head above the chilly mould;

<sup>1</sup> Delayed in publication.

Loud whoops the blizzard,<sup>2</sup> biting, song-benumbing,  
 Blasting pale blossoms ere they know the sun;  
 Not thus you heralded the cuckoo's coming  
 When I was twenty-one!

Madam, I charge you, ere these antic actions  
 Tarnish the memory of your former gold,  
 That you produce at least a few attractions  
 For which I loved you in those days of old;  
 Keep your afflatus (it was ne'er a deep kind),  
 Your woodland walks—keep these for younger legs,  
 But give me your asparagus—the cheap kind,  
 Give me your plovers' eggs!

<sup>2</sup> *Mr. Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the weather forecasts of his contributors.

"Advertiser wishes to hear of a bright, cheerful family with Suffragette interests, residing in a fairly quiet district, where a lady, recovering from a nervous breakdown, could be received, and where one of the members, a bright strong character, would be willing to devote her interest and influence in helping the lady to recovery."—*Votes for Women.*

The name of one bright, strong character leaps to the mind, but we should hardly have thought she was the best companion for a lady recovering from a nervous breakdown.



THE PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.

JOHN BULL (to the Budget Dog). "GOOD DOG! (WONDER WHEREABOUTS HE'S GOING TO BITE ME)."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 5.*  
—JOHN BURNS moved second reading of Housing and Town Planning Bill. In course of speech strongly denounced the insalubrity and general undesirability of what he called Back-to-back houses. Reference fluttered hon. Members below Gangway. Earlier in day, question arising about noble lords lending Mr. Du Cros spare motor cars for Party purposes in Parliamentary elections, ATTORNEY-GENERAL suggested that suitable time for legislation on subject would be when whole matter of relations of two Houses comes up for consideration.

"And when may that be?" blandly asked WINTERTON, ever on alert in search of useful information.

"It does not rest with me to fix the day," said ROBSON, with a sigh in his soft voice. "If it did I should certainly make the date an early one."

Thoughts thus attuned to the subject, BRUNNER at first imagined that when PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD talked of Back-to-back houses he had in mind the two Houses of Parliament, separated as they are by a corridor. LUPTON, who, with intention of keeping a closer eye on his late friend JOHN (now Right Honourable), shifted his position from usual seat below Gangway on Ministerial side to Front Bench below Gangway opposite, knew better. Long connection with Leeds made him familiar with this homely form of structure and its conveniences. In Back-to-back houses it is the custom of an afternoon for the lady on the third storey—usually with her cap awry—to lean out of window and enter into conversation with lady in window opposite, whose proximity is happily so close that one almost could, sometimes nearly does, emphasise remarks by tugging at the other's towzled hair.

Mr. LUPTON proceeded to adapt the pleasing custom to habits of House of Commons. Leaning out of what represented his window on the second floor back opposite Treasury Bench, he offered a few observations personal to PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD and his views on House Bill. J. B., always ready for a fight, sharply responded. Mr. LUPTON, with true Back-to-back-house readiness, "let him have it" in reply.

Situation growing exciting when SPEAKER interposed with remark: "The hon. Member must not carry on a conversation with the right hon. gentleman. This is a debate, not a *conversazione*."

Whereupon Mr. LUPTON withdrew and shut down his window with a bang.

*Business done.*—Housing and Town



Billy. "WHAT'S THAT FUNNY THING?"

Mamma. "THAT'S A STORK."

Billy. "YES, I CAN SEE IT'S A STALK, BUT WHAT'S THAT THING ON THE TOP OF IT?"

Planning Bill read a second time and referred to Committee of whole House.

*Tuesday.*—In a series of thirteen consecutive questions addressed to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, Captain CRAIG told touching, though intricate, story of an Irish lifebuoy. As far as can be made out from the medley of interrogations, there is moored off Ballyquintin Point, County Down, a lifebuoy, officially named Strangford Lough buoy, because it is far out of sight of Strangford. It was the original intention of Irish Lights Commissioners to moor it about a mile and a half from the bar mouth. Someone, probably connected with the Land League, having placed it at the distance named, it still bears the name of Strangford.

A peculiarity about this buoy is that at approach of night it regularly goes out. It appears that the Irish Lights Commissioners, "accompanied by some members of the Elder Brethren," spend most of their spare time in putting forth from Ballyquintin Point, making for the buoy, and taking it away to be repaired. The arduousness of this labour, long endured, has so worked upon the mind and body of Viscount MONCK, one of the Commissioners, that he has retired from the Board. Captain CRAIG sees opportunity of "appointing some representative of the Board of Trade to fill the vacancy who will be responsible to Parliament in regard to questions affecting the administration of the Board."

Meanwhile he sternly demands that

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE shall "state the number of communications received recommending the Irish Lights Commissioners to remove the so-called Strangford Lough Buoy, County Down, so far out as six-and-a-half miles from the bar mouth and give the names of those tendering the recommendation, and also their reason."

Hope I have made the matter clear.

WINSTON as a rule always ready to face the music. Notable that he shrank from this encounter. Put forward the hapless Parliamentary Secretary. House has not for long time witnessed more pathetic scene than TENNANT trying to tackle LIFEBOUY CRAIG. Air of depression more eloquent than speech; which was fortunate, as he once or twice threatened to break down.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Army Annual Bill.

*Wednesday.*—House adjourns for Easter recess.

### ONE OF THE OVER-EMPLOYED.

We were sitting together in a large room hung with Titians and Botticellis, each worth a King's ransom.

A man-servant came in noiselessly, took from a scuttle, that had once been the BLACK PRINCE'S tilting-helmet, some perfumed cedar-logs that had formed part of an Emperor's bedstead,

put them on the fire, and withdrew. As he did so I was amazed to see my host dash across the carpet—it had been the praying-rug of a Shah—and deliver a flying kick at the door.

"Never mind," he said, nursing his toe, "I'll get him next time. I hate him and his perfectly-trained manner. He's one of 'em—he's in the conspiracy against me—showing in all sorts of impossible people, at all hours, day and night.

My host, I now noted, had a face almost coarse in its expression of strength and virility. This, together with the magnetic, compelling quality of his glance, which suggested latent power and ruthless will, made me feel at home with him at once; for I knew him for an old acquaintance.

"I wanted to talk to you," he went on, biting off his words like ginger-nuts;

"but first of all have something to drink. Have a bottle of Wettierwisse 1804, that formerly reposed in the cellars of Prince METTERNICH. Do! Help me out with it. I'm sick of these priceless vintages. You smoke?"

"But of course," I replied; and he pushed over to me a silver box, an exquisite example of BEN TROVATO CELLINI'S repoussé work, which had formerly held the scented gloves of Le Grand Monarque. It now contained a huge torpedo-shaped black cigar.

"You know," he continued dejectedly, lighting himself a cigarette set with seed pearls, and flinging it into the fire after a single pull at it, "I'm about done up, I am. It's quite time I had a rest.

room," I reminded him, "with its bistre hangings and copper-coloured dado, and——"

"Morning-room?" he almost screamed. "It's in the morning-room that she always gets at me. And I'd rather have the Inspector for company any day than Mary Montpensier. Do you like widows?" he broke off thoughtfully, almost wistfully. "She's quite young, and her face has the warm ivory flesh tints that DA VINCI loved to paint. If you would take her off my hands—— But of course you wouldn't. You know how she goes on."

"No," I said. "Tell me."

"Calls about eleven in the morning—

her veins full of the wine of life—dressed

in one of Paquorth's latest creations,

dove grey, trimmed

with ermine, and

old lace that MARY

QUEEN OF SCOTS

wore on her wedding-day. Walks

up and down like

a cat on hot bricks,

and finally bursts

into tears and asks

me to lend her a

million or two on

rotten security to

save Cortelyon Car-

stairs—chap with

a face like one of

TINTORETTO'S angels,

you know—from

ruin. Refuses to

enter into details,

and—— No, I

can't stand it!"

"But the Princess," I said,

"surely her visits

compensate for a

good deal?"

"The Princess?"

he shouted. "Do

you mean the

green-eyed one whose set of

sables ran well into four figures?

That minx? What do you think of her

latest? Comes and threatens to make

disclosures that will plunge Europe in

war, and play old Harry with my

Bulgarian loan, unless I recover the

crown jewels she pawned in Paris last

spring."

"You certainly seem to be mixed

up in a good many big affairs," I

mused.

"Mixed up! I'm mixed up all

right!" he retorted savagely. "There's

the telephone bell now." He took up

the receiver wearily. "Yes. All right.

All right. Yes. Yes, I'm the Feuilletton

Millionaire. Who are you? What?

Mary what? Oh! ring off, ring off——"

But I wish the alarm clock had given

me time to finish Prince METTERNICH'S

hook.



Countryman (to Doctor). "THINK I BAIN'T WELL, DOCTOR. THE MORE I EATS THE LESS I WANTS, LOIKE."

Doctor (impressively). "AH, YES, OF COURSE. YOU SEE, EVERYTHING YOU EAT FLIES TO YOUR STOMACH."

I can't stand the strain of it much longer. The excitement of it all is killing me. Look here, you envy me my old masters, my porphyry staircase and all that; but what do you think of a fellow going into his drawing-room and finding an Under-Secretary of State lying on the hearth-rug, strangled with a diamond necklace that formerly clasped the neck of a Begum? That's what happened to me yesterday. And if I go into my library what do I find? A Russian Grand Duke, as likely as not, stabbed to the heart with a ruby-hilted yataghan that once glittered in the belt of the Great Mogul—*toujours le grand luxe*. Why, I'm afraid to go to my dressing-room to-night. There's sure to be something behind the wardrobe, or hanging from a peg. Oh, the things that go on in this house!" He shuddered.

"But you have your cheerful morning-



## THE TWO FRIENDS.

AFTER MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

TWO men walked along the road together. They walked because they were poor, and they kept company because they were friends. It was an ordinary English road, bordered by hedges, and CÆSAR's legionaries had not passed that way for many years. Some people say that CÆSAR's legionaries have never marched on that road at all, which is a very strange thing.

One of these men was named Deux Bocks; he was a Gaul of cheerful temperament and active tongue. Also his nose was of the colour of carmine—not lake or red ochre, but carmine. One cannot mistake a nose of that kind. His companion was a Teuton, and he was called Wiedersehen—Alf Wiedersehen.

Now Deux Bocks the Cheerful was strange in his manner of walking. He went from side to side and often brushed the hedges with his coat-sleeve. (There were hedges on both sides of this road.) When he had thus brushed a hedge he would turn to his companion and smile, and say nothing. Then he would walk obliquely to the other side of the road, and do the same thing again. CÆSAR's legionaries never walked in this way. Alf Wiedersehen was not like Deux Bocks, and he was dressed in a more fashionable style. He wore a black morning coat, for one thing; a silk cummerbund clasped his ample waist, and on his head was a deerstalker hat, the flaps of which were tied up with ribbon as the weather was sultry. Because of his habit of dressing in the height of fashion he had often been mistaken for an insurance agent, but he was nothing of the kind. He was a quantity surveyor.

Neither of the men was in a hurry, though the road was very long and the daylight was failing. As it grew darker Deux Bocks scraped the hedge more frequently. Once by mistake he missed it and struck a gate which led into a field. It was a turnip field, and in it were growing many turnips—hundreds of thousands of them, perhaps. The gate was newly dressed with Stockholm tar, and Deux Bocks leant against the topmost bar—there were five in all—and hummed an old Basque villanelle. When he had done this he looked straight before him, but saw nothing except the turnips.

Wiedersehen had been busy all this time. He held a notebook in one hand—the left—and with the other drew a pen from his pocket. Then he said "Potz-tausend" three times, and frowned, for it was a fountain pen. Then he recollected the pencil which was behind his ear and made shift with that. In the darkness he drew a plan of the countryside:



## HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

*Motorist (to P.C. who has been working a motor-trap). "CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?"*

it was not a complete plan because he could not see very far; but it satisfied Wiedersehen, and he said "Hoch!" three times.

A cyclist came along the road, steering carefully between the hedges. When he reached the two friends he dismounted. This cyclist was an athlete and wore a dark grey kersey. On the handle of his bicycle hung a paper lantern, and a bunch of ferns was tied to the mudguard.

He approached Wiedersehen and addressed him. "Seen any of the 'Poly' boys?" he asked abruptly.

The man of fashion returned no answer to this athlete, for he knew no more English than did CÆSAR's legionaries (this affair, you must know, took place in England). Instead, he noted in his plan the sleeping accommodation afforded by a disused pound that stood close at hand.

"Funfzig!" he said, as he folded the paper; then he added, "Vorwärts!"

The athlete mounted his velocipede and rode off. As he turned the corner he shouted one word to Wiedersehen; one English word—"Rats!"

Deux Bocks was the next to speak.

"Je suis sec comme un poisson!" he said. Then he added "Hélas!" and shook his head; for the turnips disheartened him.

After a while the two friends continued on their way to the next town, and spent the night in an ale-house.

In the parlour-bar stood two men, dressed in uniform. They were Territorials, and were dressed quite unlike CÆSAR's legionaries. Nevertheless they were sociable fellows—one was taller than the other—and they drank bottled beer until the clock struck eleven. Then they left.

## HOW TO BE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

## No. I.—WHY I AM POPULAR AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Do you sell stamps, please?

What sort do you keep?

Please be civil to me. Don't you stock a line of elevenpenny-halfpenny ones?

Very well, then I suppose I must put up with inferior goods, as usual. Show me the five-pennies.

Won't do; perfect eyesores. Anything at three-pence?

How dare you show me a soiled sheet? Now, now, now, don't thumb it about like that. No, decidedly not. . . . Let me see those red ones over there. . . . really? That's very reasonable.

Yes, I like them. In fact, I'll have that one.

Oh, dear no. Kindly give me the one I wish for. Take this back. I asked for that one—the centre one.

Now wrap it up.

No, I have no smaller change.

## No. II.—WHY MY BANK LOOKS FORWARD TO SEEING ME.

Good morning.

Why am I kept waiting?

Are you aware I have a good deal of money at this bank, and that unless you are prompt and obsequious I can cause you trouble and official displeasure?

All right, then I will do my very utmost to get you dismissed. Now to pass to the business of the day. What is my balance?

Add it up again.

Oh, you never make mistakes? Well then, I want fifteen pounds ten and the Manager; the fifteen pounds ten is for me, and the Manager is for you. All silver, please; and I can wait indefinitely. Offer me a seat.

## No. III.—WHY THEY APPRECIATE ME AT THE OFFICE.

What do you mean by "late"?

Very well, then, I apologise. I know my time is not my own, but I think it unreasonable that I should be criticised for keeping an appointment with my doctor.

I gather it would be superfluous to refer you to the doctor, because if you don't believe me you'll think me capable of going to a doctor who tells lies. However, I don't suppose the question is as important as all that. Punish me in the extreme penalty, only don't nag; my head aches.

I don't remember the papers you mean.

Oh, those? Well, I don't know where they are. I didn't have them.

No, I did not.

Well, perhaps I believe I do remem-

ber. . . . You mean the day I upset the ink over the letter book? I must have mislaid them on my way back from Somerset House—in the train perhaps. The Lost Property Office might know.

I'm really exceedingly sorry. . . . Is there any need to take on so? . . . I think you're exceedingly unkind and unjust. . . . Boo-hoo!

## No. IV.—WHY I AM PERSONA GRATA AT THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL.

Take my bag.

No, not a room. I only want afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

You are thoughtful, but I prefer to run the risk of ordinary hotel thefts rather than leave my things in the cloak-room.

Surely this is not the passenger-lift! Isn't it for the coal or the boots or the hotel staff?

Then I will go in it on sufferance.

Tea for one, please—Indo-China blend, cream, bread-and-butter, sandwiches and every species of cake and pastry one is allowed. I take it the shilling is inclusive.

Don't loiter round me, I never give gratuities.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes and telegram forms, please. . . . Thank you.

Bradshaw and A. B. C., please. . . .

Thank you. . . .

Ash-tray and matches, please. . . .

Hurry up. . . . Thank you. . . .

Do you mind closing that window? There's a draught. . . . Would you be so kind as to get me a fire-screen? . . . Do you happen to have a theatre list? . . . I'm much obliged.

Your horrible tea has made me feel bilious; bring me a glass of water. . . . Where are the periodicals kept? . . . Then bring me them. . . .

I shall play the piano; go right away. . . . How dare you? You are not the Manager, you are much too badly dressed—be off. . . . You bore me. Shoo! . . .

You need not use coercion, I shall go with much greater pleasure than I came.

## No. V.—WHY I GET SO MANY BRIDGE INVITATIONS.

Oh, yes, by all means let us play for nominal stakes; but I think it unsteady the game a little, don't you?

Go original spades? All my calls are original, Madam. I abhor plagiarism. . . . No, I am delightfully unconventional.

Do you? Personally I discard from clubs, they are so inartistic.

No, not the eleven rule, but I find the rule of three invaluable. . . . Oh! by all means we will play according to common sense.

Did I misdeal? I am sorry. Not very clean cards though, are they? I expect they stick every now and then.

Why mayn't I sort out the suits face downwards on the table? Does it hurt anyone?

A penny for your thoughts, partner. Oh, my declaration, is it? Well, I'm sure I don't know what to go, my hand is a perfect rummage-sale. What infernal luck I do get. Hullo! I seem to have five suits. Oh! half a tick. That's all right. Now then, my declaration, is it? . . . I don't know. . . . I'm ashamed to make anything trumps. . . . No trumps!

Don't look like that, partner. Merry and bright, please.

Five tricks against us, and doubled? A hundred and twenty? Tut-tut. Never mind, better luck next time. BRUCE and the spider, eh, partner?

I can't think why some people lose their tempers over a paltry game of cards.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

Editor. And so you want to be a sub-editor?

Aspirant. Yes.

E. What qualifications do you think you have?

A. Well, for one thing, I rather fancy myself at headings—titles for articles, you know.

E. Yes, I know. Let me have a specimen of your skill. Suppose, for example, that a factory was burned down at Balham, what would you say?

A. I should call that "Big Balham Conflagration," I think.

E. Not in my paper.

A. Not—?

E. No, there are no conflagrations at Balham in my paper. Conflagrations are all at Canonbury or Cricklewood, Clapham or Camden Town. Balham has Big Blazes, a peculiarity it shares with Battersea, Bermondsey and Bow.

A. I see, I see.

E. Well, if you see, what would you say of a fire at Kennington?

A. I should say "Conflagration," but I should spell it with a K.

E. No, that wouldn't do. It would be all right if the fire were not fatal, but with any loss of life the title would look flippant, in bad taste. It's too risky. Try again.

A. Well—well—I should say—I really don't know.

E. I will tell you. "Serious Fire at Kennington."

A. But that's—that's—

E. Not clever? No, it isn't apparently. But cleverness consists not only in being clever, but in knowing when not to be clever. As there is no good adjective to accompany a fire in Kennington, Kensington, or Kilburn, we merely state the fact simply and truthfully.



## SUFFRAGETTES AT HOME.

He. "I SAY, THAT LADY OVER THERE LOOKS RATHER OUT OF IT."

She. "YES, YOU SEE, MOST OF US HERE HAVE BEEN IN PRISON TWO OR THREE TIMES, AND SHE, POOR DEAR, HAS ONLY BEEN BOUND OVER!"

A. I see; but it's rather perplexing.

E. Tooting now—a fire at Tooting—how would you announce that?

A. "Tooting in Flames."

E. Not bad; but "Terrible Fire at Tooting" is better. Similarly, "Dreadful Fire at Dartford" (or the Docks); "Horrible Fire at Hampstead" (or Hornsey), unless, of course, a number of persons were killed, in which case "Holocaust at Hampstead" (or Hornsey) comes very pat.

A. I see.

E. But let us turn to other subjects less fiery. How would you describe an unexpected eclipse of the sun?

A. "Solar Solecism?"

E. No, that would be too learned. Out of every ten men in the street, three know nothing of the meaning of solecism. They only know SOLLY JOEL. Try again.

A. "When it was Dark?"

E. Better.

A. "Strike of the Sun?"

E. Much better. Now supposing that the famous Isle of Man novelist met with an accident?

A. "HALL CAINE half disabled."

E. Excellent. We will find you a post.

## AMERICA AND THE MASTERS.

CAUGHT by our representative at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. CYRUS K. GARNER, the famous millionaire collector of Chicago, willingly consented to discuss the removal of the 60 per cent. tariff on all works of art imported into the United States.

"It will," he said, "make a great difference to me. In fact, that is why I am visiting Europe. Now that one can freely take back whatever one buys I mean to buy in earnest. I mean to make this effete island and that old back number of a Continent contribute the best there is to my walls.

"I'm a bit of a poet in my way," he went on. "I've made my money out of pork, and artists paint their pictures with hogs' bristles, I'm told. Do you see? My idea is that a man who has made his money out of pig's flesh can't spend that money more poetically than on the products of pig's hair. That's why I'm out for old masters.

"Now they tell me there's a house here in London called Artford House, or something like that, that's full of Old Masters. Well, I'm here to buy it.

I'm here, too, to do a deal over your National Gallery, if you've got enough business enterprise to consider it. Then I shall go over to Paris, where I'm told there's a unique called the 'Venus of Milo.' That's my programme, young man. But I wouldn't have thought twice about it as long as the 60 per cent. tariff was on."

Our American correspondent telegraphs that the consternation which was expected to reign at Coromaker's great fine art store in Pittsburg is quite absent. "Yes," said Mr. Coromaker, when asked his opinion, "the lifting of the impost will no doubt tend to cause many of our connoisseurs and collectors to go to Europe direct for their pictures; but that will not injure our business. We were prepared for it, and have now a number of agents in London and on the Continent whom we shall keep supplied with excellent works of the Barbizon school. The only difference will be that these pictures will now cross the Atlantic twice, instead of never having travelled at all; but a corresponding rise in price will recoup us for the outward journey, and of course the journey back is the connoisseur's affair."



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

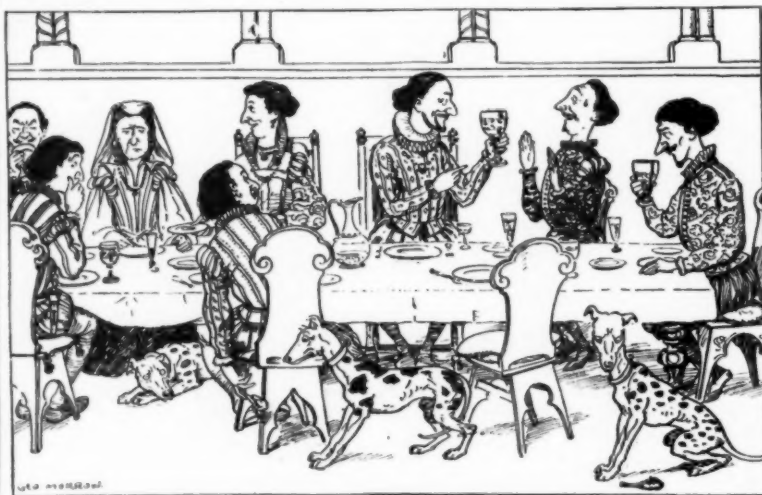
THE first thing to notice about *Uncle Gregory* (HEINEMANN) is that *Uncle Gregory* himself, the central character who gives his name to the story, has been dead six months before it opens. This, however, does not prevent his being the strongest and, in a sense, most vital figure in the book. Boldly *Uncle Gregory* sleeps with his fathers; spiritually his monstrous personality lives on, dominating and crushing all who are brought within its influence, even as his Benefactions dominate the neighbourhood in which he moved. It is the history of the last and greatest of these Benefactions, the colossal Trust left by *Gregory Rowley* to be administered by his unhappy heirs, that has given *GEORGE SANDEMAN* the theme for a very unusual and entertaining story. Of plot in the ordinary sense there is none—nothing but the overpowering memory of *Uncle Gregory*, and its effect upon the group of very human survivors who have to struggle with it. And all the time the Mighty Dead himself was in reality only—but to tell that would be to rob a fascinating book of half its charm. *GEORGE SANDEMAN* is the master (or should it be mistress?—one suspects these literary Georges) of a pleasant and distinguished style; his studies are touched-in with a dry humour that has rewarded me for not skipping a single page. Even the somewhat drawn out exordium, the long Gregorian chant (if you will forgive me!) which introduces us to the deceased philanthropist, is worth reading; and, once this is past, my attention was held delightedly to every word in an exceedingly clever piece of work, the final surprise of which is reserved for exactly the last line but one.

With the possible exception of the mystery of the robbery of the Crown Jewels, Dublin Castle hides no secrets from Mr. BARRY O'BRIEN. He knows it from its roof-tree to its spacious cellars, which once held a fine assortment of claret. In *Dublin Castle and the Irish People* (KEGAN PAUL) he tells its story in detail. Very instructive it is, on the whole painful, in no wise creditable to the predominant partner of the Union. The only Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant whom Irishmen hold in reverence is THOMAS DRUMMOND, author of the immortal, illuminating aphorism, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." DRUMMOND has long been buried, and there is no harm in praising a dead Englishman, albeit for a time he dominated Irish affairs from Dublin Castle. The real truth underlying Irish discontent is that, whether the hand of the British Government strokes or strikes, it is an alien hand. It follows that the enormous sacrifices of party interests and national resources, made since Mr. GLADSTONE forty years ago attempted to grasp the nettle of the relations of the

two countries, have had no effect in mitigating Irish animosity to British rule. Mr. O'BRIEN's book is a compendious contribution to knowledge of the machinery by which that rule has for more than a century been administered.

*The Measure of our Youth* (LANE) is not a discussion of the standard to be required of Territorials, but a rather pessimistic view of the romantic temperament. For some reason or other ALICE HERBERT has handicapped her hero with an Eurasian origin and an alcoholic father, but as no attempt is made during the rest of the book to in-ist on the doctrine of heredity, I can only regard these particulars as incidental. *Francis Bewley* falls in love with a beautiful but terribly matter-of-fact girl at home, and after being repulsed as insufficiently wealthy, experiences a course of amorous adventures, some rather sordid and discreditable, and then, having formed the acquaintance of two "fathers" who conduct an East-End mission, becomes violently—not to say hysterically—religious. Finally he is bequeathed two

hundred pounds a year, which he promises to devote to the service of the Church, but thoughtlessly (after a good dinner) proposes to his first love, and ends as a hen-pecked husband. To tell the truth, I found *Francis Bewley* too much of a wobbler to be very interesting, and the only really exciting thing about him was that he was in the "Treasure" Office. I have asked a number of Civil Service clerks, and they have never even heard of this Department; but I suspect it to be the



A LITTLE SUPPER PARTY AT THE BORGIAS.

[With apologies to Mr. John Collier.]

place where they bring the buried ingots and Roman coins that are unearthed from time to time. If so, it was far too heady a vocation for *Mr. Bewley*. He ought to have been in something more tranquillising, like the Board of Agriculture or the War Office.

The title of *The Canon's Dilemma* (FISHER UNWIN) is taken from the first of a collection of short stories for which, apparently, Mr. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH wishes a longer life than is accorded to the contents of popular magazines. Personally I am not assured that they are worth it. When I read of the canon, on the first page, that, "discarding his clerical frock coat and collar, he would put on a rough blue guernsey and sea boots instead," I felt that his dilemma might present interesting possibilities. But I was disappointed, for the real dilemma was not that one at all, but another far less exciting than any which might be expected to arise from a canon wearing waders round his neck. The stories are nearly all about parsons of some grade or another, and I am inclined to judge from the inherent improbability of most of the situations that parsons are the least likely of all readers to be attracted to them. Perhaps in remote country parishes, where the improbable is regarded as liable to happen, there may be a chance for the book. I wish it luck.